

Historic Blackguards

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Lord Byron, Scoundrel and Genius



LORD BYRON

WAS accused of every monstrous vice. My name was tainted, I felt that if what was whispered and rumored was true, I was unfit for England. If false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew.

So wrote a first-class genius and third-class scoundrel, Lord Byron. He was a very pitiable sort of blackguard at best. Not one-tenth as bad as he tried to make people think. Yet bad enough in a cheap, sordid way to deserve decent men's contempt. He was tremendously vain. Not so vain of his poetry, which was great, as of the petty, melodramatic feats that roused more laughter than applause.

Byron had been lame from birth. Part of the time his mother overcame him with caresses and love words. At other times she would scream at him, curse him for a "lame brat" and hurl books at his head. It was a bitter childhood for the sensitive, afflicted youngster. He never forgot it. Nor did he forgive the mother who made him so miserable. He hated her to the day of his death.

Byron began writing poetry while he was a mere schoolboy. It was an artificial, morbid era in English literature, and Byron was just the sort of writer to catch the public's fancy. He found that people were interested in gloomy, mysterious heroes. So, both in life and in poems, he proceeded to become mysterious and gloomy. He hinted at black secrets that clouded his life and talked vaguely of fearful crimes he had committed.

This attitude, combined with his good looks, made him the School Girl Idol. Maidens clamored for locks of his hair and wrote him wildly romantic letters. All this delighted Byron. By this time he had plunged into the grossest dissipation of London life. He halted for a brief time in his career of vice to marry a Miss Milbank.

They were wretchedly unhappy together and parted in less than a year. The true reason for their separation was not made public at the time, though the fault was admittedly Byron's. He proceeded to write a touching "farewell" to his wife. It was a poem that sought to draw all public sympathy from Lady Byron and to make himself appear more or less a martyr. In spite of this rascally effort popular opinion was against Byron, and he left England in a huff, never to return.

He wandered around Switzerland, Italy and Greece, leading a wild life and writing marvelous poetry. His judgment was seeking new sensations of every sort. For instance, he swam the Hellespont, watched the cremation of the poet Shelley and at last decided to become a military hero.

Greece was fighting for independence against her Turkish oppressors. Byron hurried to Missolonghi and placed his sword and life at the service of the Greeks. It seemed to him a fine thing for a poet to draw blade in defense of the Ancient Land of Poetry. The idea struck Byron as a bit of genuine inspiration. He is even said to have had vague hopes of becoming king of Greece.

But he found that drilling, marching, collecting provisions and studying maps was not as poetic a pastime as he expected. It bored him. He preferred to loaf at Missolonghi, taking long swims, writing poetic verse and flirting with dark-eyed Greek girls. And thus he spent much of his time when he might have been fighting for independence.

He also had a new ambition, namely, to reduce his flesh. He tried to do this by drinking vinegar and taking long rides. The result was not what he had hoped. In fact he fell ill.

"Don't grill me as you did poor Shelley!" he begged his friends.

There, after a brief sickness, he died, on April 19, 1824. Byron was only thirty-six at the time of his death. Gifted beyond ordinary mortals, he had wilfully thrown away the respect of his friends and of the world at large.

Duke of Marlborough, Prince of Time Servers



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

THIS is the story of a man who started life without money or position, and who won vast measure of both. He won them because of his good looks, his utter lack of conscience and his MARLBOROUGH military genius. It would be hard to say which of these three qualities did most for him.

John Churchill—"Handsome Jack" as he was nicknamed—came of an old, impoverished family. He was born in 1650, had almost no early education and became a page to the duke of York (afterward James II.). Charles II., the duke of York's brother, was king of England and ruled a dissolute court, where wit and beauty brought far higher rewards than did mere merit.

He soon worked his way into the duke of York's favor and received from him a commission in the army. As a soldier he showed both valor and martial skill. But it is doubtful if he would have risen as rapidly as he did were it not for the very shady means he employed for his own advancement. His good looks and his unscrupulous conduct brought him money and swift promotion. He strengthened his position by marrying Sarah Jennings, a woman much of his own sort, and even more ambitious.

James II. came to the throne in 1685, and his favorite courtier, Churchill, was made a general and a baron. "Handsome Jack" owed everything to James. Yet, when the latter was attacked by William Prince of Orange, who claimed the English crown, Churchill quickly saw that William would be the victor, and decided to throw his fortunes with him. So, when James Churchill calmly went over to the enemy and took the army with him, James deserted, fled to France and the Prince of Orange became king William III. of England. Churchill gained new honors by this bit of treachery.

William's reign was not wholly popular. It looked at one time as if James might possibly regain his lost crown. Churchill, in order to make

certain of being on the winning side, served with William openly and kept up a secret correspondence with James. William learned of this and had Churchill thrown into prison. For a less lucky, less shifty man, this exposure to treason would have meant political ruin. But Churchill managed to secure his freedom and even to win back some of his besmirched reputation.

William died childless, and at his death the English crown went to James' youngest daughter, Anne. Churchill had foreseen this, and had made his plans accordingly. He had managed to install his clever wife as Anne's chief lady-in-waiting and to win for himself the new queen's trust and admiration. Anne—stupid, weak, good natured—was the willing and meek slave of the imperious Lady Churchill, obeying her every wish, heaping honors on her tricky husband, ever enriching the couple.

Churchill was made commander-in-chief of England's forces in the continental war. Here he showed brilliant genius. He won battle after battle, campaign after campaign; amazing the world with his military skill. He also gained himself a name for humanity, during these wars, in spite of the fact that he burned more than 300 towns, villages and castles in Germany alone.

For years he and his wife practically ruled England, through the weak old queen. But for the duchess of Marlborough's bad temper they might perhaps have continued so until the end. But the duchess at last, in 1711, lost her temper once too often with the patient Anne. She is even rumored to have slapped her majesty's face. There was a terrible scene, and the Marlboroughs fell into disgrace. The duke was stripped of his offices and found it convenient to leave England.

Later, in George I.'s reign, he was partially restored to power. But his old greatness was gone. He was no longer fully trusted. Life turned bitter to him. His only son was dead. A stroke of apoplexy thickened his speech and made him feeble. "Handsome Jack" was an old, old man; broken and a wreck of his former self. He died in 1722 in his seventy-third year.

Shakespeare Died at Fifty-three

Great Poet Passed Away at Age When Most Men Are at Their Mental Best.

In the midst of recent tragedies one may pause to think what a tragedy was enacted on April 23, 1616, when Shakespeare died. The exact date of his birth is not known. Two chronicles of the eighteenth century gave it as April 23, 1564, and as the parish record shows he was baptized on April 16 of that year. He may have been born on the 23d. That has been accepted by many as the correct date, and the Shakespeare library founded at Birmingham, England, in 1864, as a tercentenary memorial was formally opened for public use on April 23, 1868, thus giving local sanction to that as his birth date. This library is the only one of its kind in the world devoted exclusively to the works of Shakespeare and those of editors, commentators, authors and translators, about him and his works. But as to the date of his death there

is no doubt that it was just at the beginning of his fifty-third year. Many men are in their prime at that age, but the world does not know whether Shakespeare was well preserved or was beginning to fall. There is reason to believe that he had been sick for a few weeks or had some premonition of death, for he made his will on the 25th of March, 1616, a month before his death, and the original copy shows some marks of heavy writing. The body of the will and its codicils or additions bear three of his signatures, and they are almost the only ones known to be in existence. A single page of any one of his plays in his handwriting and with his signature attached would now fetch at auction many times as much as the value of all the property disposed of by him.

Accounted For. "Don't you think that poet's verses are lame?" "That is because his measure fails."

THIRD TARIFF HURTS

ELIMINATION OF THAT IS UP TO THE AMERICAN VOTER.

Admitting That in the Past the Tax, Honestly Applied, Was of Benefit, the Present System is One of Pure Robbery.

The Payne-Aldrich tariff is not merely a single system of imposts. It contains three systems in one.

There is a tariff for protection only. There is a tariff for revenue only. There are three tariffs are jumbled together in the Payne-Aldrich schedules. The task of statesmanship is to separate them.

The Examiner believes that the tariff for protection and the tariff for revenue are both legitimate in principle. They are indeed both absolutely necessary to the prosperity of the country.

On the other hand, the tariff for robbery is, of course, wholly illegitimate. It should be utterly abolished. A protective tariff is a tariff to preserve home markets for home products—to the advantage of domestic labor and capital. Obviously, if such a tariff is rightly levied it will tend to restrict the sale of foreign goods in the home markets. Therefore, it will not yield much revenue at the custom houses.

A revenue tariff is a tariff levied to get money to run the government. It should be levied so as to bear mainly upon luxuries that are not produced in this country. Hence there cannot be much protection in it.

Thus it is a plain fact of fiscal science that a tariff system that intends to be both protective and revenue producing is virtually two systems joined together. That is to say that the parts of such a tariff that are protective are not productive of revenue; and that the parts that are productive of revenue are not protective.

But the tariff system under which we are trying to live is not merely two tariffs; it is three.

Besides the tariff that is protective and the tariff that puts money into the public treasury, there is a third tariff that neither protects nor yields public revenue.

The tariff for robbery only is a tariff levied at a murderous high rate on the necessities of life to enable home monopolists to charge extortionate prices.

It does not in the least tend to protect American labor. On the contrary, it enables a privileged class of manufacturers to extort high prices without paying high wages. It dries up the springs of national wealth by lowering the purchasing power of every honest man's income. It produces no public revenue, since it bars out foreign goods—keeps them from coming through the custom house. It is simply and wholly a crushing tax levied by private citizens upon the mass of the people.—Chicago Examiner.

Wise Naval Proposition. The naval situation was thoughtfully handled in the Democratic platform. It says:

"We approve the measure reported by the Democratic leaders in the house of representatives for the creation of a council of national officials which will determine a definite naval program with a view to increased efficiency and economy."

An effort was made in the senate by Senator Overman of North Carolina, Democrat, to bring about a committee amendment calling for a national council of defense, similar to the one proposed in the platform, but his suggestion was defeated on a point of order. The Democratic recommendation appears sound. Why would it not be a wise thing for congress to approve two battleships for the present and then create the council of defense?

Level-Headed Man Wanted. Theodore Roosevelt wants the public to understand that refusal to follow his leadership will result in the country going to pieces. While everybody is willing to concede that the former president is a man of ability, everybody is not ready to acquiesce in an foolish assertion that we are lacking in the men of mark who, when called upon by a crisis, would fall to meet every requirement. The trouble with the colonel is his inability to cease posing as a great patriot. While the country must face many problems, there is no call for a Caesar or a Napoleon. A plain, level-headed American citizen is what is wanted at Washington during the next few years. And the Democratic party will supply that man.

Simple Reason. Mr. Taft said at Winona that the woolen schedule as it stands is "indefensible." He knows that the reason why it cannot be defended is because it is full of theft.

Country's Real Need. We need more federal regulation of trusts that are too powerful to be dealt with by states. How far to go, how much power to give to the proposed commission, time must tell us. Trust law, like commerce law, had better be a matter of evolution and experience. The power to fix maximum prices will not be conferred now by any congress on any industrial commission. Such power may be conferred at some future time. Statesmen do not anticipate facts and opinion too much.

Good in Democratic Platform. The Baltimore platform is obviously right in its strictures on the robber tariff that has been maintained for a generation and more by the Republican party. It is right in its criticism of President Taft for his stubborn and senseless vetoes of the reformed wool schedule, the farmers' free list and other reasonable and legitimate plans of tariff reduction heretofore proposed by the Democratic House of Representatives for the elimination of fiscal robbery.

ORCHARD COMES INTO FIGHT

Matter of Excessive Protection on Sugar Is Something Appealing to Every Housewife.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams (Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Blessed be hobbie skirts," Allison ejaculated, surveying her slim litheness in the long mirror.

Rose, her sister, laughed softly, as she returned: "Better say blessed be flesh! If grandad hadn't weighed near three hundred, you'd never get a skirt out of his Sunday best black broadcloth trousers."

"Don't you dare! If one breathes a loud word in this village folk are sure to hear," Allison adjured, turning to look at herself over her own shoulder. "And the gossips would say sacrilege rather than thrift. I'm sure grandad himself would approve—dead this ten years, what harm can it do to have his left-over clothes help us round a hard corner?"

"None in the world," Rose assented merrily, adding with a touch of wistfulness: "It is so hard—our stock passing dividends, just at this special time. We could do so much with that five hundred we haven't got."

"And other people doing all sorts of things. This town is going to be real giddy," Allison answered, sighing at the end of a giggle. "Three weddings already announced—that means at least a dozen parties of sorts—luncheons not counted."

"And tableaux for the Missionary society, and two Germans if no more," Rose chanted.

Allison took up the chant with, "And three strange—very strange—young men a-coming to the weddings—likely to stay on awhile with their kin. Rosy-posy, I tell you, it's distinctly bad lines. A new party frock apiece is the most we dare hope for—and even they spell a month without butter. Praise be, you didn't make that new melton last fall—you would hardly have put it on, with Aunt Anne so ill. But whatever we would do if you hadn't thought of grandad, I surely don't know. Really, I'll get a swaggar outfit from his suit."

"He wore it only once—poor dear," Rose sighed. "And he was always particular as to his clothing. I wish we dared spend a little for touches of color—though you can stand all

Tariff Legislation Prospects. With conferees of senate and house agreed on the form of tariff bills to be passed, nothing now stands in the way of most desirable and commendable action by congress.

Of course, President Taft will veto the measures. In spite of all his promises and pledges and all his protestations against "indefensible" features of the Aldrich-Payne act, he will stand pat.

In spite, too, of the fact that the main features of the bills to be passed are in accord with the recommendations of Mr. Taft's personally conducted tariff board, the chief executive will obey the behests of the trusts and nullify the action of congress.

The majority in the lawmaking body will have done its duty. Next November, the nation will overturn the existing order of things at the head of the government and elect a president whose sentiments and action will be in harmony with popular demand.

Dolliver's Rap at Aldrich. The late Senator Dolliver of Iowa, by clever tenor and brilliant repartee, could hold an audience attentive and spellbound during the recital of the driest statistics of a tariff discussion. He was one of the small band of insurgents who fought valiantly on the floor of the senate against the enactment of the Payne-Aldrich tariff act. The last speech he delivered in the senate before his death, in 1910, was a scathing arraignment of that bill.

He spared no terms in his denunciation of the measure. And he evoked peals of laughter from a hostile and sullen audience by declaring:

"The past year witnessed two events of unusual interest—the discovery of the north pole by Dr. Cook and the revision of the tariff downward by the senate from Rhode Island. Each in its way was a unique hoax."

Concerning Arrows. Roosevelt says that William J. Bryan is fond of shooting arrows at the sky.

Well, that is better taste than to fond of shooting arrows at one's friends. Ask "Dear Maria," and the representatives of the practical Harri-man, and Elihu Root, and William H. Taft what they think about it.

Besides, criticism of this kind comes with a particularly bad grace from Mr. Roosevelt.

Every arrow which ever brought down real popular applause for the rough rider was stolen from the quiver of William Jennings Bryan. When Mr. Roosevelt starts to be his own arrow-maker, he achieves nothing more noteworthy than the recall of judicial decisions and the good trust.

One Thing Made Certain. The futile tariff board has one good deed to its credit. Its dilatory but elaborate report has proved by figures that schedule K is thieving schedule, and that the bill that Mr. Taft vetoed was an honest bill.

Now let the Democrats in the house go ahead with the elimination of the robber tariff. Let them make terms with the progressives of the senate—any honorable terms that will help to put an end to tariff thievery.

When the Democrats Triumph. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says the program of the Bull Moose party is unique.

"An unbounded personal ambition, coupled with an arrogant will and heated temper, is its mainspring. It is not an enterprise calculated to travel far or to have peace in its own ranks. But the party will learn only by experience. Results will fit the folly, as time will soon show."

And the time, as we understand it, is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Democrats in the Driver's Seat. As far as the Democrats are concerned they can watch the continuation of this family fight with complacency. Their withers are unwrang and they stand before the country with a candidate who is the choice of a united party and who grows stronger every day with people of every section and of every shade of politics. With Baltimore Sub.

The governor of Indiana represents the sober Democratic view, and his nomination strengthens the ticket.

An Heirloom

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ARE NOT AT ALL DIVERTING

Serious-Minded Quaker Saw Nothing to Smile at in the Lighter Poems of Whittier.

The late Gertrude Whittier Cartland, cousin of Whittier, the Quaker poet, presented an ideal picture of the saintly aged Quakeress. Her sweet, serene face, framed in its tight little bonnet, seemed to shine with clear, spiritual radiance; to bear her scars, in a voice of tranquil music, the hymns and graver poems of her famous relative was always delightful.

But she did not have her cousin's lively sense of humor; and it was hard to tell whether this lack lessened or increased the effect, when in exactly the same grave, even tones, she occasionally read aloud some of the verse that he wrote, not for publication, but for the pleasure of his ultimate circle. That was always light, frequently gay, sometimes fairly rollicking.

Her admiration for the writer made her try very hard to appreciate his fun; and she thought she did so; yet mirth seemed always as alien to her tongue as a red rose to a plum. This incongruity was felt, doubtless, by another Friend, of even more serious mind than she, who once said to her reprovingly:

"The verses are harmless, and I perceive they are intended to be diverting; but they do not divert me. Gertrude, and I do not think they really divert thee. Be honest with thyself; if these read them and did not know thy cousin Gertrude wrote them, would these not consider them extremely silly? These know I mean no affront, and greatly admire thy cousin Greenleaf. Surely he is a great poet; but a great poet may sometimes write such silly stuff. And surely this time thy cousin hath done it. Reflect and these will agree with me."

She reflected on the necessity of care in selecting an audience for a joke.—Youth's Companion.

Hot Weather Drink. Philip Hale, one of Boston's latter-day philosophers, recommends barley water as a more sensible drink for hot weather than "ice-cold" blends of waters, syrups, acids, gulped at the marble fountains. Mr. Hale's recipe for his favorite tipple is as follows:

"For three pints of water you will require a teaspoonful and a half of well washed pearl barley, four lumps of sugar and the thin rind and juice of one lemon. Pour boiling water over it, cover with a saucer and let it stand till cold; then strain again and again till clear, and pour into a jug."

A buttermilk fan adds: "Then set the jug in a cool place and forget it."

Illiteracy in Germany. According to the latest official reports, only three persons out of 10,000 in Germany are unable to read or write, while the proportion of illiteracy in Great Britain is 150 per 10,000, as against 770 per 10,000 in the United States. These figures are based on a comparison of illiteracy among some of the leading nations which has just been made and issued for free distribution by the United States Bureau of Education.

Wanted Minute Evidence. Orffa, the celebrated doctor, being examined as an "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the president whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was required to kill a fly. The doctor replied:

"Certainly, M. le President. But I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habit of body, whether married or single, widow or spinster, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points I can answer your question."

His Rank. Mistress—Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary; but what's your reason?

Mary keeps silent.

Mistress—Something private?

Mary (suddenly)—No, mum; please, mum, he's a lance corporal.—Illustrated Bits.

Out of Reach. Townley—How's the new cook getting on?

Subbutee—I don't know. She didn't leave her address.—Boston Transcript.

Business Practice. "The new actor in this company certainly knows how to act on people's feelings with fine touches."

"Yes; he used to be a dentist."

Discovery of Fire. When and in what manner fire was discovered is unknown. The art of producing fire appears to have been one of the very earliest achievements of man. No people have ever been found without it. Its use may have been suggested to man by the lightning, or by the volcano, or by the accidental spark produced by the use of the stone weapons or utensils, but at any rate its use was discovered so long ago that the memory of the race runneth not to the contrary. Of course, it goes without saying that the use of fire lies at the root of all human progress. The "iron age," which is preeminently the age of true civilization, would have been impossible without fire.

Sweets for Children. If you desire to keep your children healthy and yet satisfy their natural craving for sweets, give them the sugar in its natural form. Candy is injurious, but honey, preserved figs and dates, raisins and maple syrup are just as much appreciated by the small folk as the manufactured sweets.

In Dreams. "I know Charley enjoyed being a delegate at the convention," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"How?"

"I heard him talking in his sleep and some of the language he used was exactly the same as that which he employs at a baseball game."

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